

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Nov. 11, to Saturday Nov. 18. 1704.

A Prologue to the Corinthian Queen,
Spoken by Mr. Booth, being the
first time of the whole Company's
Playing.

THE Hero and the Lover long have been
The pleasing Bus'ness of the Tragick Scene;
Inspiring Courage, warms the beauteous Dame,
And Venus blushes at the Soldier's Name.
So Rival Queens for Alexander strove,
With all the Warmth of Eloquence and Love;
Ambitious to enslave that Prince, whose Sword
Had made him the World's universal Lord.
And Beauty's Charms do, with kind genial Heat
And noble Ardour, animate the Great.
The Conquer'd Victor then pleas'd to obey,
To his Great Mistress yields the Sov'rain Sway;
With Pleasure executes her dread Commands,
And still resigns his Laurels to her Hands.
So that Great Day when Anna was the Word,
And every conquering Brittain drew his Sword,
Her Name with Terror strook the Nations round,
And unknown Fears their numerous Troops confound.
Gauls and Bavarians seek the Wat'ry Graves,
And shroud Dishonour in the Crimson Waves:
They fear to Die, but yet much more they fear,
With Anna's powerful Vertue to wage War.
'Twas that which gather'd Laurels from afar,
And made her Soldiers more than Men appear:
Her generous Vertue was the noble Cause;
She fought alone, to fix with equal Laws
The World; asserted Liberty to own
And settle the then tot'ring Empire's Crown.

The Baiting of the Monster.

A Turbulent Monster as e'er was created,
Was lately chain'd down to the Stake to be baited.
The Rabble flock'd in from all parts of the Town,
Such a Mob at the Bear-Garden never was known.
The wonderful Beast was too strong for a Dog;
It was therefore thought Wisdom to let go a Hog:
But the Rabble cry'd out, 'twas a Popish Design,
That so stately a Brute should be foil'd by a Swine;
So they turn'd him, and squeez'd him, and shov'd
him about,
That the Hog at long run, thought it safe to squeak
out.
They hunted him round, made him taper and ferk it,
No Devil drove Hog to so cursed a Market.
At last, being cunning, he made a Retreat,
And grunting along, shot the dangerous Plt.
The Monster encourag'd by trusty good Friends,

Made a tedious Defence, but yet gain'd not his Ends;
For at last they deliver'd him up to a Pack
Of twelve sturdy Mastiffs, who hung him on's Back.
Yet he struggl'd so hard, that with wonderful Pains,
He at last sav'd his Bacon, and broke all his Chains.

The Mad-Man's Entertainment.

WERE I, as I'm a frantick Sinner,
To give the World a good Fish Dinner,
The numerous finny Race should be
Cook'd in their Element the Sea,
And at one time be ready drest,
To treat my universal Guest.
Some Fools there are it's ten to one,
Will cry, This is not to be done;
But let me tell you my Advice,
Will Stew vast Numbers in a trice.
Hell I'd remove beneath the Water,
And make the Sea boil ever ater;
The coddled Fish would float at top,
And as I pleas'd I'd Ladle'em up.
Thus by this Crotchet in my Skull,
I'd give the World its Belly full.
But then, say you, we cannot think
What way you will provide us Drink?
As to that Point, you must in Truth,
Expect no Liquor but the Broth;
For who, except the Gods Divine,
Can treat the Universe with Wine.

Upon a Giant's Angling.

HIS Angle-rod made of a sturdy Oak,
His Line a Cable, which in Storms ne'er broke;
His Hook he baited with a Dragon's Tail,
And sat upon a Rock, and Bobb'd for Whale.

The Hasty Courtship.

FAIR Madam, if you are so Nice,
You can't Love one you've seen but twice;
Pray speak, that I may ease my Pain,
And never see your Face again:
But if my Person you approve,
And you at second sight can Love,
With equal Heat, let's fall to Sporting,
For by my Life, I hate long Courting.

On the Celebrated new Toft, Mrs. B—

Sweetest Bad of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
The early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face;
But kindly opening, like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every Day disclose,
Such as by Nature are not shewn
In all the Blossoms she has blown:
And then what conquest shall you make,
Who Hearts already daily take?
Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
How shall we bear those sad Extreams,
Which must attend thy threat'ning Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

I view'd him round, and saw strange things;
A Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings;
I led him to the Fire, and then
I dry'd and chaf'd his Hand with mine:
I gently press'd his Tresses, Curles,
Which new fall'n Rain had hung with Pearls;
At last, when warm, the Youngster said,
Alas my Bow! I am afraid
The String is wet, Pray Sir, let's try,
My Bow; Do, do, said I.
He bent it, shot so quick and smart,
As tho' my Liver reach'd my Heart.
Then in a trice he took his Flight,
And laughing, said, My Bow is right,
It is, O tis! for as he spoke,
Twas not his Bow, but my Heart broke.

Thirsis to Celia.

TELL me no more you love in vain,
Fair Celia, you this Passion feign;
Can they pretend to love, who do
Refuse what Love persuades them to?
Who once has felt his active Flame,
Dull Laws of Honour will disdain;
You would be thought his Slave, and yet
You will not to his Pow'r submit.
More cruel than those Beauties are,
Whose Coyness wounds us to Dispair;
For all the Kindness which you shew,
Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,
Are like those Cordials which we give
To Dying Men, to make them Live,
And languish out an Hour in Pain;
Be kinder, Celia, or disdain.

Celia's Answer to Thirsis.

Thirsis, I wish as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due;
Then would I pay my debt of Love
In the same Coin that you approve;
Which now you must in Friendship take,
'Tis all the Payment I can make;
Friendship so high, that I must say,
'Tis rather Love with some Alloy;
And rest contented, since that I
As well my self as you deny.
Learn then of me bravely to bear
The want of what you hold most dear:
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my Example work on thee.

A Tale out of Anacreon.

AT dead low Ebb of Night, when none
But great Charles Wayn was driven on;
When Mortals strict Cessation keep,
To recruit themselves with Sleep;
'Twas then a Boy knockt at my Gate,
Whose there, said I, that calls so late?
O let me in! he soon reply'd,
I am a Child, and then he cry'd;
I wander without Guide or Light,
Lost in this Wet, Blind, Moonless Night.
In pity then I rose, and straight
Unbarr'd my Door, and sprang a Light;
Behold, it was a lovely Boy,
A sweeter Sight ne'er blest mine Eye.

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, to further the early Proceedings of the next Campaign, and to penetrate into the Bowels of France, is gone to the Courts of Hannover and Berlin, to persuade the King of Prussia and the House of Lunenburg to be ready with their Quota's at the Opening of the Spring. He returns to Holland in fifteen Days; from whence he is to be transported to England in one of her Majesty's Yatchs, which waits for him.

The Marshal Tallard, and the rest of the French Generals, have prevailed with the States General, to remain at Breda till the Arrival of the Duke of Marlborough, and then to attend his Grace to this Kingdom.

Last Thursday Night was performed a Consort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, set by the famous Italian Master; with several English Songs composed by the late Mr. H. Purcell; for the Benefit of Seigniora Margareta Gallia.

This Day at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, will be revived the Rehearsal; the Part of Baye's to be performed by Mr. Esfcourt. And at the Theatre in Little Lincoln-Inn-Fields, will be represented the last new Tragedy, called, The Corinthian Queen, being the fifth time of Acting. The Part of the Corinthian Queen inimitably Play'd by Mrs. Barry.

+ If any Gentleman of the Universities or others, have any Copies of Verses, or any thing that is fit to be Printed in this Paper, they are desired to send them to Benjamin Bragg, the Publisher, and they shall be incerted, provided they are not too long, and be thankfully received, and much oblige the Undertakers.